

Old Folks at Home

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'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little town I wander'd,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd—
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dar let me live and die.—*Chorus.*

One little hut among de bushes—
One dat I love—
Still sadly to my m'ry rushes,
No matter when I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?—*Chorus.*

H. J. Wehman, Song Publisher, 50 Chatham St., New York.